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**Educated in America—Countenanced  
by Li Hung Chang.**

The only son of a wealthy mandarin was dumb from his birth, and so of an account—disqualified to worship before the names of his ancestors. The father, in the hope of curing the child, was obliged to talk. Hence the name and the fame of the "Miracle Lady!" For upon such showy results—miracles—King Eng's renown among her own people, to her infinite distress, is wholly due. The skillful, often brilliant, work of the browns, who are employed in the Hospital, however, falling general reproach upon the nuns from naval and other Western visiting surgeons praise ample compensatory. Yet of the many sides of her profession, this the surgical—is the least. Here, as elsewhere, the medical cases preponderate, the annual taxim taxing the credulity of the human mind.

A gratifying testimonial to the wisdom of her experiment was the character of the reception to Klucking of Dr. Meijl Shu

OCEAN MAIDS.

At 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning she goes to her mistress's room to find out whether she wishes to rise or have her breakfast in bed. If the mistress wishes to rise, the stewardess, not the maid, to carry in the breakfast. If she wishes to rise the stewardess, not the maid, prepares the bath. After her lady's toilet is made, the maid conducts her to the steamer chair and, if the mistress wishes to go down stairs, she is expected to take her own position sufficiently near to observe whether she is required for any service, and to go to her mistress at intervals to inquire as to her wants and needs, and direct all calls to her. If the mistress goes down stairs at a late time or whenever she chooses to go. Upon arriving, after the mistress has declared her luggage, it is the maid's duty to see them through the cabin-house, to arrange the baggage, and to take the luggage and conduct her lady to it. The most essential requisite, of course, is that she should be a good sailor.

He was a conductor on a street car and when a nice, mother-looking old lady with a half-dressed small child at her side signaled the car, he turned with a half smile to the man standing at the back on the back platform:

"Now you'll see trouble," he volunteered, as he reached up and viciously jerked the bell.

"Oh, I don't know," meditatively replied the man addressed, as he gave a cautious look at the one under discussion, "she is a benignant-looking old lady, it seems to me."

"You're completely out of your wits," he replied, "and she is not only giving a complete ride to one little youngster and bestowing a patronizing tap upon a little girl in a blue frock."

"That's all right," reiterated the conductor, as he started forward, "but I never yet got as far as that."

"And advancing down the aisle he paused before the old lady, I'm to say I want I don't just know where I'm to get it but I

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### How to Stimulate a Languid, Jaded Appetite.

Health and comfort in the heated season depend very largely upon the sort of food that is fed to the digestive engine, and the plentiful renouveau displayed on the stomach, not only in daily life, but in much of the published evidence, is sufficient to make not only doctors, but angels weep. The appetite is the signal that the digestive functions hang out to indicate their own condition, and should be carefully heeded. If the appetite is languid or morbid, the stomach is very certainly in the same condition. In summer the appetite is likely to be smaller, because not so much exercise is possible as in winter, and therefore the food is not used up as much. Material in the way of work and muscular force, and so makes smaller demands upon the stomach.

If, then, in summer, the appetite steadily though small, it is unwise to force it or stimulate it too much, since if the stomach is obliged to create more nutritive fluids than the organs and members of the body need and use, it is left with a superfluity of material which it must rid itself of in some fashion. These superfluous juices ferment, and cause a thousand disturbances. At the same time the advice so frequently given to avoid meats in hot weather and

has given our system a more healthy tone, and with health it begins to desire what is wholesome. One cause of a frequent distaste for vegetables is the unappetizing way in which they are prepared. Green vegetables must always be put into cold water for cooking. Plunged into hot water, they wilt, and they can cook and lose all freshness of flavor. The vegetables should be dis- liberately simmering—never swiftly boiling. To peas, beans, corn, spinach, okra, asparagus, turnips, patatoes, carrots, a little butter or cream, salt and pepper should be added while hot. Faded, peas and beans, when nearly done, should have all the water drained off and be returned to the pot (shaken off) with a little bit of butter, to stew slowly ten minutes before serving. The green things, plunged into hot water, boiled hard and served water, tough and half-cold, which are so frequently offered as vegetables, are enough to implant a rooted dislike of them in anyone.

Salads should be eaten every day in summer. Not meat salads, which are a mistake, but vegetable, such as lettuce, spinach, asparagus, chitons, cress, or such dainty things, including the delicious salad the French make of a hotch-potch of cold peas, beans, treets and the like. What is known as French dressing, a mixture of oil, vinegar, salt and pepper, is best, and the oil should outweigh the vinegar by two-thirds. It should be put in a bowl and sprinkled in gradually, as one would pour sauce for cold fish set in a food

part of juice add three-fourths of a pound of sugar and a pint of the best white brandy. Strain and bottle. A little mixed with ice water makes a refreshing summer drink. Raspberry vinegar is equally pleasant and is non-alcoholic. Upon five pounds of ripe raspberries pour enough clear vinegar to cover the fruit, which should be slightly mashed. After standing in the sun for a few days, strain through a cloth, then strain and pour the vinegar over an equal quantity of fruit again. Repeat the process, and at the end of twenty-four hours strain it once more, and to each quart of liquid add three pounds of sugar and a pint of water. Let it boil up once, skim carefully and bottle while hot.

Soda lemonade is an excellent refreshment. Peel and slice a lemon, and in a transparent spiral the thin outer rind of a lemon, drop it into a pitcher, squeeze upon this the juice of four lemons, sugar to taste. Add the pitcher half full of crushed ice and pour in two bottles of soda water. A raspberry or two, or strawberries, if in season, tossed into the pitcher, adds flavor to the drink. It is a most delicious beverage. In the West Indies lemonade is used, which is so much more richly and pleasantly flavored than lemons.

Another popular summer drink is known to some as "horse's neck," to some as "a corkswear comforter," which seems elaborate, but is in reality very easy to concoct. Peel from a large lemon the entire rind, and slice it very thin, and slice up the pulp in a crushed glass and fill the cold with a very large glass and fill the cold with a very large glass and fill the cold with a very large glass. Empty into a bottle of ginger ale and let it stand a moment before drinking.

The Duchess of Teck, mother of the Duchess of York, has narrowly escaped losing her life. In some way, while heading down to put a pet dog, she so strained herself that had not an operation been performed at once she would have succumbed. It is thought she would have been a great blow not only to the royal family, but to the English people at large, for, besides casting a shadow upon all the jubilee festivities and debarring an important portion of the royal family from the coronation, she would have undoubtedly been a genuine sorrow than that of any member of her house, save, possibly, the Prince and Princess of Wales. From her earliest girlhood she has always been most popular with her countrymen—far more so than the Queen herself—so that her death would have manifested itself in this connection.

A younger sister of the old Duke of Cambridge, her hand was sought in marriage by the Prince of Orange (to whom she was actually engaged), by Emperor Napoleon III. and by his cousin, the late Prince Napoleon, besides whom a number of German princes placed their hearts at her disposal.

Nevertheless, the Queen, acting as head of the family, barred every match that was proposed, until, finally, when the penniless, but good-looking, Duke of Teck presented himself, the princess announced that, having attained the age of forty, she was determined to wed him, with or without the Queen's consent. It was immaterial to her which.

What a wonderful thing the heart of a woman is! In a Chicago police court the other day a laborer was arraigned to answer to the charge of assault and battery preferred by his wife, a frail-looking creature, whom he had beaten into insensibility and left for dead. The case had been continued twice in order to allow the complaining witness time to recover sufficiently to leave the hospital. When she appeared in court both of her eyes were still swollen and lankened, her face, which had been pumiced to a felle, was discolored and covered with patches of cast-plaster and she carried a broken arm in a sling.

Her husband, a great, hulking brute, chewed tobacco assiduously and drank at the courtrooms. When the case called the woman began crying softly and asked to have the proceedings dismissed. "What?" said the court, in astonishment. "This judge was responsible for your injuries, was he not?" The wife remained silent. "He pounded you nearly to death, didn't he?" continued the judge. "Yes, he did," she replied. "He knocked your arm, didn't he? He knocked out several of your teeth and kicked you into insensibility?" "Yes, sir." "Then why do you want him discharged?" "He's my husband." "But he is also a brute, and the law is made for the protection of mankind and weaklings from such as he. If I discharge him he may treat you the same way again. Does he abuse you frequently?" "Oh, no, sir." "If he abuses you not the first time, is it? He has abused you before?" The wife was silent. "Has he abused you before?" the court

"You ain't been tryin' it, have you?" asked the young man.

"Mebbe No." "Not But my addess-  
gave got sur, and I don't tie her half  
as much to ride the darn thing all day as  
it does to help her mother for half an hour  
'round the house," Cincinnati Enquirer.

**Then? Or Now?**

"When I am dead, Sweetheart," you say,  
"Think of me always at my best;  
When ever my head fall grassow away,  
Remember how I once was your first love."  
Now sob, now rail, now sheer can pierce:  
And hand of tongue and stab of pen-  
cil, they love to beat and hate to bleed.  
Are less than nothing to me then,

"My poor, pale lips no more can ask  
 For distant libations for a distant wreck.  
 Nor love devise atoning task;  
 And labor in it, glad and strong.  
 Ignore, then, faults that now you chide,  
 And deem me worthy of your love and care,  
 And caustic heat and foolish glare  
 Forget, as if they never had been.

"If merrily from their past ebb eke  
 One moment of divine surprise.  
 When all the angel in me wakes,  
 And you kinship know and prize.  
 If I see you in the fire and pain  
 And fullness to heart-famine brought,  
 In reverie like that time again,  
 And thus enshrine me in your thought."

And I make answer, Love of mine,  
 "Think me of at my best to-day  
 This hour, when I am glad and free,  
 Let Eden's light and fragrance play  
 Into our lives while they are one.  
 Why should I wait to be forgiven  
 Till cold and dim I fall and lie,  
 And I am out of reach in Heaven?"

"What churl has Death? The grave what art  
 To right all wrong? Do tears make sweet  
 The Marah of the human heart  
 When I have loved and loved and loved  
 With every joy of living—while  
 I lay my head upon your breast  
 And drink your words and feel your smile—  
 Thus—now—think of me best—best—best—  
 —Harper's Fazar.

**Nobody Knows Whether Man or Woman.**

In the spring of 1864 Atlanta was full of Johnston's officers and soldiers. An uneasy feeling prevailed in every circle, and it was feared that the Federals might any day make a forced march or a raid and surprise the city.

Still the people faced the situation courageously. They had passed through so many dangers that they were not easily frightened. The sullen boom of Sherman's big guns could then be heard forty miles away, but Atlanta maintained her usual serene outwardly and gave no sign of her secret treachery.

The theater was then on its last legs, but occasional performances were literally patronized. One of the star attractions in a strolling company at that time was a pretty, black-eyed young woman, about twenty years old, who carried the town by storm.

The girl was a wonder. She was equally at home in tragedy and comedy. She could sing and dance, and when she took a male part in a play she was a howling

A better all-round artist had never visited Atlanta, and that was the general verdict.

When she told her story it excited sympathy. She was a slave of Louisiana, and her family had been murdered by a raiding party of Butler's troops. She had taken refuge in the Confederacy, and, having no relations or friends, she had decided to use her rare dramatic gifts and earn her own living. The story made the pretty actress very popular, and she was patronized in a society by leading citizens. Young officers of the army, and some of the generals and colonels showed her over the fortifications, which were then nearly finished. The people's curiosity about such matters charmed the military men, and it afforded them the greatest possible pleasure to answer her questions and explain every doubtful point.

Several weeks rolled by, and when her company disbanded the actress remained in Athens. She established herself at a popular boarding-house and told her friends that she needed a rest before going on the Richmond stage. She received a great deal of attention and was practically the belle of the army. The lines were closing around the city, but the creole charmer still lingered. The officers of Johnston's army were at her feet. They sent her costly presents, and every fine day they might have been seen riding with her along the lines of

Suddenly the actress disappeared. The military men were nearly crazy because they could not trace her, but the ladies of the city did not seem to regret her departure—in fact, they hinted that she was better than she should be. The month of June slipped by and there were no tidings from the missing star. The came July and with it the beginning of the siege.

On this fine morning a Western corps commander with his staff rode through the city and took a look at the fortifications. At his side was a small, dark-faced, black-faced young man, who acted as his guide and pointed out various things of interest. A prominent Atlanta man met this young-

her face to face, and his surprise caused him to stand almost paralyzed in his tracks. He was the pretty actress who had been the first to befriend the officers. The stranger's eyes met those of the Atlanta man and snapped viciously. Then a mocking smile spread over his piquant face and his glance was plainly one of recognition. The Georgian spoke guardedly to several of Sherman's officers and they all seemed to nod in agreement. He gave a very little satisfaction. Finally it was learned that he was a famous penitentiary of male and female characters on the French stage in New York city. But was he a man or a woman? Nobody could answer this question; but he or she, as it might be, had been the most successful spies who had ever served the Union cause. The mystery of this person's sex remained unsolved.—Chicago Chronicle.

The East-Englander and trading world has been hearing of Dorothy Drew and of Mr. Gladstone's devotion to her for two or three years. It is surely as long ago as that since Mr. Gladstone's little poem—the best, probably, that he ever wrote—"Ad Dorothy," was published all over the world. It is worth recalling for its grace and felicity at this time. It is not at all to be wondered at that the Queen desired to see the little lady that could inspire her poliopticarian grandfather to so sweet an utterance.

AD DOROTHY

Know where there is honey in a jar,  
 Meet for a little while for aid;  
 And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are—  
 That only wait small hands to interfere  
 A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad;  
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,  
And many a little lass and little lad  
Expectantly are running to and fro;  
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

We want thee, child, to share in our delight  
On this high day, the holiest and best,  
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,  
Thy grandmothers, of women loveliest,  
Made me of men most honored and most

That naughty boy who led thee to suppose  
He was thy sweetheart has, I grieve to  
tell,  
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest  
rose  
And tiddle with it to another belle,  
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee  
this—  
To waste no love on any youthful rover  
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss,  
No, I, thou wouldst find constancy dis-  
cover.  
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.  
So, come, thou playmate of my closing  
day,  
The latest treasure life can offer me,  
And with thy baby laughter make us gay,  
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my  
Darely,  
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow  
flee.  
—London Telegraph

from his wife the other day, she went home and found her there. She asked him to sit down to dinner, after which she asked him how he liked the new arrangement. "Understand it," he replied, "I can't. I don't like it. I thought I might be able to 'live five ways' in contentment. The other way you quarrel now. Now, then, suppose you retain me as housekeeper? Twenty dollars per month and board is all I ask." This struck the ex-husband favorably, and the bargain was closed on the spot. The wife then took a sign and a broom, since, although they were in hot water for thirty-two years, fretting under the marital yoke. They dare not quarrel much now, for fear one will leave the other in the lurch. He must have his meals cooked for him, and she must be obedient. Together they are happy now, and the bargain proves to last to the end.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.



## THE GIRL GRADUATE.

"You have to pay fare for those children, madam," he said, in a grim voice. And she looked up sweetly and reassuringly.

"Oh, they're all under age," she said. But the conductor was unconvincing.

"They don't look it," he asserted, with an exultant survey of the array of little ones.

And the motherly old lady gave an affirmative ray of astonishment. "I can't help what they look," she broke out indignantly and with some acerbity; "but I'm not going to pay fare for them, so there."

And she settled back in her seat.

"Hm-m, w-e-e-l-l," said the conductor, unreluctantly; "I'll have to put them off."

But the motherly old lady only frowned.

and her lips tightened ominously. And reaching up in a reluctant sort of way the conductor rang the bell, the car stopped and swinging lightly to the ground he reached out his hand hesitatingly toward the little girl. "You can get out now," said the old lady of the benevolent look framed over and shook her finger excitedly.

"Just you do," she declared, with a great deal of vehemence, and her eyes snapped and her face grew grim. "You can't take any fare and you're going to get off, so if you want to leave those little children standing in the street alone, why, you just go ahead."

And she leaned back triumphantly as she did so. The destination and the conductor after an exhaustive review of the situation finally decided that they weren't such very large children after all. The dead lady looked satisfied, the passenger on the back placated, and the little girl, who to be sure had faint, sickly look, wouldn't speak all the rest of the trip—Chicago News.

Keep the diet low is equally unwise. Meats simply cooked are extremely easy of digestion, and contain in compact form just the nutriment the body requires. It is the rich gravies and sauces, the grease and starch, that the stomach—working half-time during its summer holiday—objects to in hot weather, as difficult of digestion, and creating an amount of heat not demanded by the body in the warm months, and which it must therefore, much against its will, throw off in fevers, indigestions and fluxes.

Starch, grease, and a superfluity of

ugar are all to be avoided. Meats, fowl, game, fish, and eggs, plainly cooked, without sauces, and frequently cold, are to be avoided. Potatoes, in any form, are to be avoided, for they are too strong to resist the drain of excessive heat. Hot bread, pastry, candies, rich fruit puddings and an excess of potatoes are bad. Graham and wholemeal bread, corn bread and the many light forms of biscuits sold in shops, are good salads. Toast is good, but the crusts of crusts are to be avoided, with two or three scorched lines, usually served one under the name of toast, but a crisp, thin, bit of crusty bread, delicately browned all over and permeated with butter, is best—and plenty of them. It is astonishing how many persons disavow, with no air of apology, their dislike for green vegetables. It is astonishing how many persons live contentedly on a diet largely composed of potatoes, rice, bread, and pastry—all of which are good, but which do not aid their digestion, gives way, or they break down with kidney disease.

If green vegetables and salads are not liked it proves that the stomach is not in a wholesome condition, and they should be used. It is astonishing how many persons, by using them, find that they are able to use them soon grow up, because their kidneys

Fruit may and should form almost one-half the summer diet, though, curiously enough, quite a number of people possess the delusion that fruit is not wholesome. It should be the first dish at breakfast every warm morning; indeed, it is good winter and summer, for that matter, but the profusion with which nature produces fruit in the hot season points out the time when it is best eaten. Fruit is always best, but there are hundreds of delightful modes of preparing it—all of them whole-

Among the best are the fruit ices, made of strawberries, raspberries, currants or peaches. The fruit is to be worked up with sugar and cream to a moussé, which is, when frozen, or merely allowed to stand on the ice, an excellent and wholesome form of sweets for hot weather. Here is a recipe for raspberry flummery and one for peach cream, which are both as delicious as they are simple. For the raspberry flummery soak a small cup of peat (topioca) in two cups of cold water for three hours, and then add two cups of hot water, and stir on the fire until clear. Add a half cup of sugar, and when the whole is lukewarm add a box of gelatine, and when it is about to jelly mix in the peaches, and a pint of whipped cream, set on the ice and eat when very cold.

The peach cream is made by passing a dozen soft ripe peaches through a sieve and sweetening them with a pint of sugar and cream. When lukewarm add a box of gelatine, and when it is about to jelly mix in the peaches, and a pint of whipped cream, set on the ice and eat when very cold.

There are many pleasant, cooling drinks to be made of fruits. Currant shrub is made by boiling the fruit in water, and adding the juice of lemons. Strain through a jelly bag; let it grow cold, and to every